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ALLEGIANCES

A/N: The Stormclan cats may not be completed when I first publish this as I will be adding more as the story goes on.

STORMCLAN:

LEADER:
CYCLONE--black she-cat with yellow-green eyes and a distinctive white spot on her chest

DEPUTY:
TYPHOON--very large black tom with yellow eyes

MEDICINE CAT:
BLIZZARD--pure white she-cat with icy blue eyes

WARRIORS: (toms and she-cats without kits)
TORNADO--calico-and-white she-cat with yellow-green eyes
HURRICANE--gray and white tom with green eyes
TSUNAMI--brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes
AVALANCHE--light brown and white tabby tom with green eyes
DERECHO--orange tabby with yellow eyes
DOBBY--gray tom with green eyes
THUNDER--smallish black tom with yellow eyes
LIGHTNING--smallish gray tabby tom with green eyes
MONSOON--small gray she-cat with only half a tail and green eyes
EARTHQUAKE--fluffy tortoiseshell she-cat with yellow eyes
VOLCANO--big dark gray tom with green eyes
SANDSTORM--sand colored she-cat with yellow eyes (side note: I didn't steal the name Sandstorm from warriors, all these cats are actually my cats in real life and that's her name)
FLOOD--huge dark tabby tom with green eyes

QUEENS: (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)
none

ELDERS: (former warriors and queens, now retired)

none

THUNDERCLAN:

LEADER:
BRAMBLESTAR--dark brown tabby tom with amber eyes

DEPUTY:
SQUIRRELFLIGHT--dark ginger she-cat with green eyes

MEDICINE CATS:
JAYFEATHER--gray tabby tom with blind blue eyes
LEAFPOOL--light brown tabby she-cat with amber eyes

WARRIORS: (toms and she-cats without kits)
GRAYSTRIPE--long-haired gray tom
DUSTPELT--dark brown tabby tom
SANDSTORM--pale ginger she-cat with green eyes (yes I know there's two now, but she won't be in it often)
BRACKENFUR--golden-brown tabby tom
CLOUDTAIL--long-haired white tom with blue eyes
BRIGHTHEART--white she-cat with ginger patches
MILLIE--striped gray tabby she-cat with blue eyes
THORNCLAW--golden-brown tabby tom
SPIDERLEG--long-limbed black tom with brown underbelly and amber eyes
APPRENTICE, AMBERPAW (pale ginger she-cat)
BIRCHFALL--light brown tabby tom
WHITEWING--white she-cat with green eyes
APPRENTICE, DEWPAW (gray-and-white tom)
BERRYNOSE--cream-colored tom
MOUSEWHISKER--gray-and-white tom
CINDERHEART--gray tabby she-cat
IVYPOOL--silver-and-white tabby she-cat with dark blue eyes
APPRENTICE, SNOWPAW (white, fluffy tom)
LIONBLAZE--golden tabby tom with amber eyes
DOVEWING--pale gray she-cat with blue eyes
ROSEPETAL--dark cream she-cat
POPPYFROST--tortoiseshell she-cat
APPRENTICE, LILYPAW (tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat)
BRIARLIGHT--dark brown she-cat with sky-colored eyes, paralyzed

in her hindquarters
BLOSSOMFALL--tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat
BUMBLESTRIPE--very pale gray tom with black stripes
APPRENTICE, SEEDPAW (golden-brown she-cat)
CHERRYFALL--ginger she-cat
MOLEWHISKER--brown-and-cream tom

QUEENS: (she cats expecting or nursing kits)
DAISY--cream, long-furred cat from the horseplace

ELDERS: (former warriors and queens, now retired)
PURDY--plump tabby, former loner with a gray muzzle

SHADOWCLAN:

LEADER:
BLACKSTAR--large white tom with one jet-black forepaw

DEPUTY:
ROWANCLAW--ginger tom

MEDICINE CAT:
LITTLECLOUD--very small tabby tom

WARRIORS:
CROWFROST--black-and-white tom
TAWNYPELT--tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes
APPRENTICE, GRASSPAW (pale brown tabby she-cat)
OWLCLAW--light brown tabby tom
SCORCHFUR--dark gray tom
TIGERHEART--dark brown tabby tom
FERRETCLAW--black-and-gray tom
APPRENTICE, SPIKEPAW (dark brown tom)
PINENOSE--black she-cat
STOATFUR--tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat
POUNCETAIL--brown tabby tom

QUEENS: (she-cats expecting or nursing kits)
SNOWBIRD--pure-white she-cat
DAWNPELT--cream-furred she-cat

ELDERS: (former warriors and queens, now retired)
SNAKETAIL--dark brown tom with tabby-striped tail
WHITEWATER--white she-cat with long fur, blind in one eye
RATSCAR--brown tom with long scar across his back
OAKFUR--small brown tom
SMOKEFOOT--black tom
KINKFUR--tabby she-cat, with long fur that sticks out at all angles
IVYTAIL--black, white, and tortoiseshell she-cat

WINDCLAN:

LEADER:
ONESTAR--brown tabby tom

DEPUTY:
HARESPRING--brown-and-white tom
APPRENTICE, SLIGHTPAW (black tom with flash of white on his chest)

MEDICINE CAT:
KESTRELFLIGHT--mottled gray tom

WARRIORS:
CROWFEATHER--dark gray tom
APPRENTICE, FEATHERPAW (gray tabby she-cat)
NIGHTCLOUD--black she-cat
APPRENTICE, HOOTPAW (dark gray tom)
GORSETAIL--very pale gray-and-white tom with blue eyes
WEASELFUR--ginger tom with white paws
LEAFTAIL--dark tabby tom, amber eyes
APPRENTICE, OATPAW (pale brown tabby tom)
EMBERFOOT--gray tom with two dark paws
HEATHERTAIL--light brown tabby she-cat with blue eyes
BREEZEPELT--black tom with amber eyes
FURZEPELT--gray-and-white she-cat
CROUCHFOOT--ginger tom
LARKWING--pale brown tabby she-cat

QUEENS: (she cats expecting or nursing kits)
SEDGEWHISKER--light brown tabby she-cat

ELDERS: (former warriors and queens, now retired)
WHISKERNOSE--light brown tom
WHITETAIL--small white she-cat

RIVERCLAN:

LEADER:
MISTYSTAR--gray she-cat with blue eyes

DEPUTY:
REEDWHISKER--black tom
APPRENTICE, LIZARDPAW (light brown tom)

MEDICINE CATS:
MOTHWING--dappled golden she-cat
WILLOWSHINE--gray tabby she-cat

WARRIORS:
MINTFUR--light gray tabby tom
MINNOWTAIL--dark gray she-cat
MALLOWNOSE--light brown tabby tom
APPRENTICE, HAVENPAW (black-and-white she-cat)
GRASSPELT--light brown tom
DUSKFUR--brown tabby she-cat
MOSSPELT--tortoiseshell she-cat with blue eyes
APPRENTICE, PERCHPAW (gray-and-white she-cat)
SHIMMERPELT--silver she-cat
LAKEHEART--gray tabby she-cat
HERONWING--dark gray-and-black tom

QUEENS: (she cats expecting or nursing kits)
ICEWING--white she-cat with blue eyes
PETALFUR--gray-and-white she-cat

ELDERS: (former warriors and queens, now retired)
POUNCEFOOT--ginger-and-white tom
PEBBLEFOOT--mottled gray tom
RUSHTAIL--light brown tabby tom

CATS OUTSIDE CLANS:
SMOKY--muscular gray-and-white tom who lives in a barn at the

horseplace
CORIANDER--tortoiseshell-and-white she-cat who lives with Smoky

PROLOGUE

A gray Thunderclan she-cat padded into the moonlight next to a pool of water and sat down, acknowledging the other cats sitting around her.

"As you all know, a big change is coming to the clans. What we don't know, is why or how bad it will be when it does come." She meowed solemnly.

"But, Bluestar, shouldn't we warn the clans?" A black-and-white tom asked.

"No, Tallstar," Bluestar flicked her tail, "we aren't sure of what it is, and without some sort of information, what will we tell them?"

"We could tell them all we know, at least." A spotted she-cat meowed. "They deserve to know something."

Bluestar narrowed her eyes at the she-cat. "Fine then. But only the medicine cats are to be told. No one but them and the leaders should know until we are sure of what this is."

All the cats nodded and then dipped their heads in farewell to each other and padded away into the forests of Starclan.

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Some clans will rise, some clans will fall, one clan will die, and one will rule all.
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Chapter 1

Tornado padded out of her housefolk's den into the moonlight with a yawn. The night was bright, due to the strange trees on the edges of the road that lit up when it got dark. The plants in her fenced-in territory cast strangely-shaped shadows onto the grass.

Suddenly a sound came from beyond her fence, where the other housefolk's cats lived. She instantly dropped into a crouch, sneaking to the edge with wide eyes. Peeking out, she saw the outline of a big tom. *He's getting too close to* my *territory*.

Tornado leapt over the fence and landed squarely on the tom's dark gray tabby shoulders.

"Aargh!" He grunted, trying to shove her off.

Although the tom was bigger, Tornado clung to him with her claws unsheathed, digging into his fur.

"Get off me, you crazy thing!" He growled.

"No way! You are too close to my territory! You have to pay!"

As she scratched him more, a voice erupted from the shadows. "Hey! Who are you? Get away from here!" Another body attacked Tornado from the side and she hit the ground with a thud.

"I'm not giving up yet!" She yowled, attacking the newcomer; a gray-and-white tom.

The other tom, the dark tabby, laughed, easily pinning her down on her back. "What are you doing on my territory?" He spat "spying?" He laughed again, mocking her.

"No!" Tornado yowled, struggling to be free of his grip. "You were too close to my territory! So I attacked!" She growled as menacingly as she could.

The tabby tom laughed, still keeping one white paw on her belly to hold her down. "But you didn't expect me to be so *strong*. Right?"

Now Tornado laughed. "What*ever*! You are the worst at defending yourself! If your friend over there wouldn't have showed up, you'd be begging me for your life by now!"

The tabby pricked his ears, listening for something in the distance. "Hey, Hurricane," He said to the gray-and-white tom "Do you hear that? That must be those forest cats! C'mon, lets go show them who's boss!" Then, suddenly remembering Tornado, he added. "Hey, you." He loosened his grip on her. "You wanna come get in a real fight?"

Tornado considered. *Well, I thought that was a real fight...but who are these forest cats he's talking about? I bet we can beat them*! "Yes!" She meowed excitedly.

"Okay..." The tom called Hurricane reluctantly meowed. "But *don't* mess this up for us. This is the first time we've attacked them for real."

Tornado nodded and the toms led her out through a hole in the wooden fence. She was quivering with anticipation by the time they approached the group of forest cats.

Hurricane motioned for the other two cats to crouch down so they could spy a bit before the attack.

"...do you smell that?" One forest cat, a fluffy white tom, asked the others.

"Yeah. Definitely kittypets. They're close." A dark ginger she-cat sniffed the air.

Then all the cats paused, looking right at Tornado and the two toms crouched beside her in the leaves. Then suddenly, all the forest cats attacked at once, so fast that Tornado couldn't comprehend what was going on.

A golden tabby tom attacked her suddenly, scratching her across the muzzle. "Ouch!" She squealed, falling backward. *The other cats*

weren't so tough! She attempted to kick the tom off, but he scratched her exposed belly hard.

"That's what you get for trespassing on Thunderclan territory!" He yowled, pummeling Tornado with his claws unsheathed.

Thunderclan? What's that? But before she could ask, the tom scratched her ear and blood poured down into her face, making it hard to see. *I'm going to die*!

Tornado thought of the cat who also lived with her housefolk. He was a black-and-white tom, and he was quite old, way older than herself; who was still not full grown yet. *Oh, Maxwell*. She thought of the cat she'd considered to be her father for quite sometime, although he was far too old to be even that. *What have I gotten myself into*?

All of a sudden, one of the forest cats yowled to the others. "Woah! Thunderclan! Stop the attack! These cats are hardly old enough to be apprentices!" It was a dark tabby tom.

Tornado could hardly breathe when the golden tom let her go. "Oh..." He whispered.

The ginger she-cat looked at the dark tabby and said something. "Maybe we should take them back to Leafpool and Jayfeather, Bramblestar. I feel horrible about all this. I didn't realize they were so young because their fur was so poofed up!"

Bramblestar nodded and told the white tom to help Hurricane, and then told the golden tabby to help Hurricane's friend. *I need to learn his name. I did attack him after all*. She thought, remembering seeing the tabby through the holes in her fence. *I wonder if we'll ever see our own territories again*.

Then Bramblestar padded up to her, grabbing her scruff just as she blacked out.

Chapter 2

Tornado opened her eyes to see a gray tabby tom looking down at her with strange-looking blue eyes.

"Ah, you're awake." He said in a not-so-nice way.

Her head throbbed and so did all the scratches on her belly. "What's going on?" She asked feebly.

The tom narrowed his eyes. "You're in Thunderclan. I'm Jayfeather, and I was told to heal you up. Well, forced to heal you up. You wouldn't have gotten hurt if you would've stayed away from Thunderclan territory." He rolled his strange eyes.

"What?" There was that word again. What is Thunderclan? "I don't understand..."

Jayfeather sighed. "Of course you don't. And you expect me to tell you, right? Well, you're wrong. I don't want you here. I've been ordered to heal you, not tell you stories. If you want to hear those, go talk to the elders." He said sarcastically.

Tornado was still very confused, but she nodded like she understood.

Suddenly, a light brown tabby she-cat padded up to them. "Oh, don't mind Jayfeather. He can get a bit cranky, even when he's taking care of his own clanmates!" The she-cat meowed. "We are going to fix you up, then you can return home! My name's Leafpool by the way. What's yours?"

Tornado could tell that Leafpool was just trying to make her feel better, and that she didn't actually care what her name was. "Well, my name's Tornado...but that's okay. You don't have to help me...my housefolk can just take me to the vet and then I can curl up in my comfy bed and drink some milk..." Tornado realized that the other cats weren't understanding a word she said.

"Vet?" Leafpool asked, confused.

"Drinking milk? You're a bit old for that..." Jayfeather seemed very surprised.

Tornado laughed. "No, no! It's not from my mother! It's from a little bowl that my housefolk give me! It tastes real good because they heat it up!"

"Bowl?" Leafpool asked, confused once more.

"Heat it up? How could they possibly do that?" Jayfeather snorted in disbelief.

"It's true! They have a weird thing on the wall and they put the bowl in it and it comes out warm! Sometimes they heat their food up in there too!" Tornado longed to be home, but at the same time was beginning to like this adventure she was on. This is the farthest I've ever been from home!

"Okay, please quit talking." Jayfeather growled. "We don't care about your twolegs."

"Jayfeather, at least try to be nice. It really doesn't hurt, you know." Leafpool glared at the gray tabby.

Jayfeather rolled his eyes. "Well sorry! I don't need some little kit telling me stupid stories!" He growled.

"Hey!" Tornado yowled defiantly. "I'm not a kit! Can't you see how big I'm growing? I can almost jump to the top of the table in my housefolk's den now!"

"No! I can't see anything! I'm blind, you mouse-brain!" He growled at her.

"Oh..." That must be why his eyes look so weird! Tornado glanced around and caught sight of the dark tabby who had told her to fight the forest cats. "Hey!" She yowled to him, then narrowed her eyes when he didn't answer.

"Call his name, maybe. I think he's sleeping." Leafpool meowed.

"Well I don't know his name!" Tornado sighed and dropped her head back into the moss that was piled underneath her.

"You fought with a cat and you didn't know his name?" Jayfeather asked. "Wow, you must be even more mouse-brained than I thought."

Leafpool thought for a moment. "I think the other cat that was with you called him 'Avalanche'. Sound familiar?" She asked.

"No. I just met them today." Tornado meowed. "But I guess that's right...Avalanche!" She yowled, louder than she needed to.

Avalanche's head pops up and his green eyes were wide. "Whaa...? Who said my name?" He asked, blinking the sleep from his eyes.

Tornado stood up, despite the pain all over her body. "It was me, you piece of fox-dung!" She stalked to where he still sat in his nest. "Why didn't you tell me they would be so strong when we fought them? I had no idea they would almost kill me!"

"Kill you? You're barely scratched!" Jayfeather said defensively.

"Yeah, what he said..." Avalanche meowed.

"What? You could've died too, mouse-brain!" She yowled at him.

The big tabby called Bramblestar padded into the den, eyes narrowed. "What is going on in here? I could probably hear you all the way from Shadowclan the way you were yowling!"

Tornado turned to him and held her head high, even though the tom was much bigger than her. "Listen here, forest cat! I am not taking orders from you or staying here any longer! I don't know you and I don't want to! All you've been is mean to us and I'm sick of it!" She growled.

Bramblestar's eyes got wide. "What? We've been giving you help! We let you stay here while you healed up, and you were the ones trespassing on our territory in the first place!"

"Uh...Tornado..." Hurricane murmured, sounding nervous.

"No! You shouldn't have attacked us! You know what? I am getting revenge for this!" Tornado yowled defiantly.

"Whatever!" Bramblestar growled. " You're just a headstrong little kit, you can't do anything to us!"

"Oh you just wait! I'm gonna get a bunch of cats together and we are gonna battle you! When I get big and strong, you'll see! We will defeat you and claim this territory for ourselves!" Tornado turned back to Avalanche. "Come on. We are leaving."

Avalanche and Hurricane exchanged surprised glances and then nodded and all three cats left the Thunderclan camp.

"I will get my revenge..." Tornado growled.

"Come on, cat." Hurricane rolled his eyes. "It's not that big of a deal!"

"It is to me, okay? They have no right to claim this whole forest for themselves! I am gonna show them the full force of us storm cats!" Tornado yowled, still burning with anger.

"Storm cats?" Avalanche asked.

Tornado smiled. "Yes...we are the storm cats of Stormclan."

Chapter 3

Tornado woke up and yawned. When she had come home the day before, her housefolk were so happy to see her. But they didn't seem to mind about her cuts.

Sometimes my housefolk are more mouse-brained than I give them credit for.

She got up and padded out of her housefolk's den, stretching in the noon sunlight. Then she jumped up on the fence between her's and Avalanche's territory.

Below her, Avalanche chattered to Hurricane about a huge bird he caught in the forest. "...and you should have seen how high I jumped! I probably could out-jump those crazy forest cats!" He laughed and didn't hear Tornado as she hopped down to his side of the fence.

Hurricane rolled his eyes. "You tell the same stories every day, Avalanche." He meowed. "And I never even get to see your birds!"

Tornado padded into plain view of the two toms. "Hello, friends." She meowed.

Avalanche jumped and then turned to her. "Hey, Tornado," he flicked his tail, "wanna hear about a huge bird I caught just this morning?"

The calico she-cat narrowed her eyes. "No. I want to go form our clan! Remember what I said yesterday?"

Hurricane sat down and curled his tail around his paws. "No way, cat. I thought you'd forgotten about that already! We aren't coming with you on some crazy adventure to-"

"I remember," Avalanche meowed, cutting off whatever Hurricane was going to say, "and I'll come with you. Sounds like fun to me."

Tornado brightened up at the slightly older cat's approval. "Okay! Let's go now, so we can find all the strongest cats we can!"

Avalanche turned to Hurricane. "You in?" He asked, "Or are you too scared?"

"I am not scared!" Hurricane growled. "So yes, I will come."

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As the cats set off deeper into twolegplace, Tornado found it hard to contain her excitement.

"This is gonna be so awesome! We will fight and take the whole forests or ourselves and show those mean cats who's boss!" She meowed, eyes gleaming.

"I don't know about all that..." Hurricane grumbled. "But we can at least try and get some cats together for now."

Suddenly, a cat jumped out from behind a pile of housefolk rubbish.

"Who dares enter my territory?" A tabby she-cat exclaimed. She was bigger than Tornado, but not as big as Avalanche and Hurricane.

"We come in peace!" Avalanche meowed with authority.

The she-cat narrowed her amber eyes and watched all three cats closely. "What business do you have here?" she growled.

"We have come to see if you want to join our clan!" Tornado exclaimed, trying to sound as professional as Avalanche.

"Clan? You mean like the forest cat's clans? No way!" She turned around to leave but Avalanche stopped her.

"Wait," He dashed out in front of her, blocking her way. "this clan is coming together to defeat the forest cats, and take what is rightfully ours." He explained.

The she-cat was silent for a moment. "Well...I don't really have much else to do...so why not? I'll join your clan."
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Tornado leapt with joy. "Yay!" she yowled.

The tabby she-cat's tail curled with amusement. "My name is Sue, by the way." she told the cats.

"Hm..." Avalanche meowed. "Well, our clan has a bit of a theme going on, you see? It's called 'Stormclan' because we all have storm names." He gestured with his tail to the other two cats with him. "Tornado, Hurricane," and then to himself, "Avalanche..."

"And Sue?" Hurricane chuckled. "This is already going downhill."

Tornado glared at him and meowed thoughtfully. "Well, the clan cats all have similar names, and in the beginning it couldn't have been that way; that would be weird."

Avalanche looked at her, tilting his head to one side. "What's your point?" He asked.

"My point," Tornado meowed, "is that we should change Sue's name like they must have changed theirs."

Sue lashed her tail. "I don't want to change my name! Besides," she added, "I can't think of any storm names that are cool enough for me." She joked.

Hurricane laughed. "How about 'Tsunami'? It has a 'Sue' sound in the beginning." He suggested.

Sue looked from cat to cat, still unsure. "Okay, fine," she said after a moment's hesitation, "Tsunami it is, then."

Tornado could hardly suppress her joy. "Yes, yes, yes! This is working out just as planned! Let's go find more cats!" she meowed excitedly.

"I actually agree." Tsunami remarked. "I can't wait to get my claws on one of those forest flea-pelts!"

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Tornado lashed her tail in annoyance. They hadn't found any more cats willing to join their clan since they had found Tsunami.
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"We should call it a day." Avalanche meowed, yawning. "I'm getting pretty tired."

Although she was tired herself, Tornado did not want to stop searching for cats. "No way! There's still plenty more places to go!" She meowed defiantly.

"Come on, Tornado! We can look more in the morning!" Hurricane growled.

"He's right," Tsunami told her. "You are still pretty young so you need your sleep."

Tornado's tail and head drooped. "Okay, then. See you all tomorrow." Then she padded away and jumped the fence into her territory.

As she pouted to herself, she didn't notice a black-and-white tom pad up to her. "Tornado! There you are! I've been searching all over for you. Where have you been?"

"Sorry, Maxwell. I was on an adventure." She told the old tom.

Maxwell sat down next to her. "An adventure, huh? Sounds like fun. But why are you upset?" He asked.

Tornado halfheartedly batted at a stray leaf. "I wanted to keep adventuring, but my friends said it was time for bed!"

Maxwell laughed and rested his tail on her shoulder. "Don't worry, young'n. You'll have plenty of time to adventure tomorrow." He stood up and stretched. "Now, come on. Our housefolk set out a whole bowl of milk just for you!"

Chapter 4

Tornado had woken up before sunhigh to wake up her friends. "Why do we have to be up so early? It's not as if all the cats in twolegplace will run off when the sun comes up." Hurricane muttered.

Tsunami rolled her eyes. "Is he always so grumpy in the mornings?" She asked Avalanche.

"He's usually grumpy regardless of what time it is!" Avalanche laughed.

Tornado pawed the ground impatiently. "Come on, let's go!" She meowed.

"Okay, okay. We're coming." Tsunami flicked her tail for the other cats to follow. "I know where some strong cats live."

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When they finally arrived at Tsunami's destination, Tornado was breathless and her pads hurt. But she didn't say anything because she was too excited about getting new members for the clan.

"Tyler! Are you awake?" Tsunami called over the fence.

She was answered by a grunting noise, and then a huge black cat jumps over the fence and lands squarely in front of the cats.

"What do you want, Sue? I was trying to sleep." He stretched and Tornado could see his giant claws slide out of their sheath for just a moment.

"Well, for starters, it's 'Tsunami' now." Tsunami began, "And we would like you to join our clan."

"Clan? You mean like the-"
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"Forest cats. Yes." Tsunami finished his sentence for him. "But we are forming to get rid of them."

Tyler shuffled his paws. "Uh...I don't know, Tsunami. I like the idea of teaching those forest cats a lesson, but leaving my housefolk? I don't know if I could do that."

Tornado's tail drooped. Today is already off to a bad start!

"Oh come on, Tyler! When we were kits, you always used to want to go on adventures. Well, here's your chance!" Tsunami's amber eyes were fixed on the big black tom.

Tyler sighed. "Oh, alright! I'll join your clan. But does that mean I have to change my name like you did?"

Tornado brightened up and answered before Tsunami had the chance. "Yes! But we can make it sound like your current name so it's not a big change."

Tyler nodded, but still looked reluctant.

"Tell you what," Hurricane meowed. "We'll call you 'Typhoon'. See? It kinda sounds like Tyler."

Tyler perked up. "Yeah! That's cool!"

"Okay, we're wasting daylight. Let's get a move on!" Hurricane growled.

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Tornado led the way through a randomly chosen path around twolegplace. Once or twice she caught sight of a cat, but usually they were too scared to talk to her.

Suddenly, she heard a light shuffling noise. "Hey...I'm gonna go check out this yard. You all keep looking." She told them, jumping up onto a white fence.

"Are you sure?" Avalanche asked her.
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"Yeah...I'm sure." Tornado motioned with her tail for the rest of the cats to keep going.

When the other cats were out of sight, Tornado strained her ears to hear any more rustling. When she couldn't, she jumped down into the yard, stepping lightly so she wouldn't get detected.

A loud yowl suddenly split the air, and Tornado felt a huge weight land on her back. She flipped over and battered at the attacker's belly.

"Ouch!" The cat jumped off of her, eyes narrowed. It was a gray tom, about the age and size of Tornado.

"That's what you get for attacking me!" She growled at him, lashing her tail.

The tom flicked his tail. "I was just playing, geez. Haven't you ever play-fought before?"

Tornado suddenly realized she had reacted the wrong way. "Sorry," She gave her white chest fur a couple of embarrassed licks, "I thought you were attacking me for real."

The tom laughed. "That's okay. What's your name?"

"My name's Tornado!" She meowed, "What's yours?"

"Dobby. But yours is much cooler!" He batted at her ear, claws sheathed. "Come on, let's go play a game!"

Tornado grew up with older cats around her, so she had no idea what young cats did for fun. "What kind of game?" She asked.

"Hm...how about I will be a crazy dog trying to attack you, and you are a brave cat keeping me out of your territory!" He meowed.

"Sure! That sounds like fu-"

"Tornado! Where are you?" Avalanche's yowl cut her off.

"In here!" She yowled back. Then turning to Dobby, she waved with

her tail. "I guess I gotta go."

"Dang! We didn't even get to play my favorite game!" He meowed, tail drooping.

Avalanche jumped the fence, followed by Typhoon, Hurricane and Tsunami.

"We've been looking for you," Avalanche told her, "who's this?"

Tornado suddenly got a genius idea. "Dobby!" She yowled, turning to him again. "Do you want to be a part of our clan?"

Dobby tilted his head. "Clan? What's that?"

"It's a group of cats who live together in the wild and take care of each other!" Tornado meowed excitedly.

"Oh...Sure then! Sounds like fun!" Dobby meowed.

Tsunami stepped forward. "Woah, woah, woah. This cat is still a kit! His mother will miss him if we take him away." She pointed out.

"No she won't." Dobby explained, "My mother didn't raise me. I have never even met her!"

"Yeah, what he said! And I'm a kit too and I'm allowed in the clan!" Tornado whined.

"Okay, okay. Dobby can join Stormclan." Avalanche decided.

Dobby and Tornado exchanged an excited glance. "Yes!" They both yowled.

"I can't really think of any storms that sound like 'Dobby' though..." Hurricane meowed.

"Oh yeah," Tornado shuffled her paws, "I forgot to tell you that you would have to change your name to join Stormclan." She meowed.

"What? But I like my name!" Dobby pouted.

"Let's let him keep it." Tsunami meowed.

"Might as well." Avalanche agreed.

"Yay!" Dobby brightened up and followed Tornado out of his yard. "We are gonna have so much fun, right?" He exclaimed.

"Yeah!" Tornado meowed.

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Chapter 5

Tornado lifted her head and opened her mouth in a wide yawn. Looking around, she saw dark trees.

"Wait...where am I?" She said to herself. Standing up groggily, she looked all around. The only thing she saw was trees! "Hello?" She called. "Maxwell?"

Suddenly, a cat stepped out of the shadows. The cat was a very dark tabby, and looked just like the forest cat called 'Bramblestar'.

"Hello, young cat." He growled. He sounded nothing like Bramblestar, and Tornado cringed when he spoke.

"W-what to you want with me?" Tornado's voice quivered. Is he going to eat me? She wondered.

"Calm down, Tornado." The strange cat got closer and smelled of trees and dirt. "I am going to help you take over the Clans."

Tornado stood up, suddenly curious. "You are going to help me? But...you look and smell just like one of those evil clan cats!" She narrowed her eyes at the big tom.

He laughed. "No, no. I am not one of them. I was, at one time, yes. But now, I realize they are all worthless and pathetic. None of them hunger for power like *you* do, Tornado." He paced in a circle around her, watching her with amber eyes.

"I don't 'hunger for power'. I hunger for revenge. What those cats are doing isn't fair. Why is it that they get the entire forest and us house cats only get our housefolk's yard?" Tornado lashed her tail. "It's just not fair!"

The tom paused for a moment. "Well, whatever the reason, you still want to conquer the clans. And I will help you." He sat down and curled his tail over his feet.

"How will *you* help me? Will you join Stormclan?" Tornado asked, suddenly brightening up. "We can change your name and then you can help us fight the-"

The tom cut her off. "No. I have no intentions of joining your clan. I only wish to mentor you so that you can become the most powerful cat in the forest."

"Me?" Tornado couldn't even imagine that she could possibly be the most powerful cat in the forest. She had seen for herself how powerful the Clan cats were. But we will be stronger, she thought.

"Yes." The tabby tom flicked his tail. "I will train you myself. I used to be the most powerful cat in the forest, but my life was ended cruelly, just as I was rising to full power."

Tornado's eyes grew wide. "Your life ended? What does that mean? Are you a...ghost?" She stepped back, tail between her legs.

The cat laughed. "I guess you could say that. You are dreaming, Tornado. You came to me, I did not come to you." He licked a paw and drew it over his ear.

Tornado relaxed. "But...I don't even know your name. How can I trust you?"

"My name is Tigerstar. And trust me, Tornado, if you are trained by me, the clans will fear you. You will be so powerful, that they will bow down in your glory! You can live out what I never got to!" Tigerstar paced around her again, lashing his tail. "Oh, I can't wait to see the look on my son's face when he realizes I have trained you and your clan to be more powerful than he ever thought you could be!"

"Who is your son?" Tornado asked, curious. "And why do you keep saying 'clans'? Is there more than one forest clan? Or do you just mean Stormclan is the other clan?" She tilted her head, eager for more information.

"My son is Bramblestar, leader of Thunderclan. I am proud of him for becoming leader, but he never rose to his true potential. He is a

traitor to me." Tigerstar paused for a moment, staring at the forest floor. "And yes. There are four clans in the forest. Thunderclan, Riverclan, Shadowclan, and Windclan. You will have to build a clan strong enough to defeat all of them."

Tornado couldn't believe it. More clans? How will Stormclan ever be powerful enough to beat all of them? "Are they all as fierce as Thunderclan?"

Tigerstar chuckled. "Yes. Some are fiercer. But they are held back by something you are not. The Warrior Code."

Tornado walked closer, ears pricked. "And what exactly is this 'Warrior Code'?"

"The Warrior Code is the code of all the clans that keeps the balance of peace and hatred steady. It limits cats so they cannot rise to their full potential. Basically, the clan cats cannot fight dirty, but Stormclan can." Tigerstar flexed his claws. "I can only imagine watching those traitors bleed to death on the forest floor."

"Wait! I don't want to kill any cat! I only want to teach them a lesson!" Tornado's ears flattened in horror.

Tigerstar rolled his eyes. "Don't get your tail in a twist...there will be others willing to kill. Meanwhile, I suppose I'll just teach you basic battle moves to get you started." He stood in front of her, paws planted firmly on the ground. "Attack me."

"What? Now? But I don't know anything!" Tornado widened her eyes in surprise.

"Just do it! Pretend I'm a Thunderclan warrior trying to attack your clan!" Tigerstar snarled.

Tornado gulped and spread her paws apart, trying to copy Tigerstar's pose. Then, she pounced, aiming for Tigerstar's back. But, before she could land on him, he rolled out of the way, quickly snatching her legs out from underneath her. As she fell on the ground, he placed one big paw on her shoulder, holding her down. Then he reached down and pretended to bite her neck.

"That could've been a kill bite, cat." He stepped away. "You've got a lot of work to do if you want a chance at beating the clans." Tigerstar flicked his tail. "Let's start again."

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Tornado woke with a start in her fluffy nest. She licked her shoulder, which was still bleeding from training with Tigerstar. His scratches hurt, but with every scratch, she was learning. She stood up, feeling stiff.

Maxwell lifted his head from his best next to her. "Good morning, Tornado." He meowed groggily. "You were thrashing around in your sleep last night. Did you have a nightmare?" He asked, sounding concerned.

Tornado saw the worry in Maxwell's green eyes. "Yes. But I don't remember it; I'm fine." She passed away to the cat flap and walked outside into the bright summer sunlight.

"Hey! There you are, Tornado!" Avalanche called from his yard. He hopped over the fence and padded over to Tornado. "We've found more cats for the clan."

Tornado instantly brightened up. "Really? I want to meet them!" She followed Avalanche back over the fence, but instead of going into Avalanche's yard, they went into the forest. "Where are we going?" She asked, looking up ahead.

"We made a temporary camp on the edge of the forest, where the clan cats don't go." Avalanche followed the fence line until they reached a little clearing. "It's not much, but it should do for now. They were building dens for us when I left, so they should be coming along."

Tornado glanced over at him. "Dens? Why would we need those?"

"To sleep in, of course." Avalanche watched Tornado as she stopped in her tracks. "You do know that we will be sleeping here, right? We are a clan now, we can't let our housefolk drag us down."

"But...my life is with my housefolk! What will I do without them?"

Tornado wailed. She crouched down and tried to stop her thoughts from spinning so wildly.

"Tornado..." Avalanche began, "Its best this way. If we are going to be a real clan, and be taken seriously by the others, we need to live here, just like they do." He licked her ear. "Don't worry; once we learn how to hunt better we will be fine here! Hurricane says fresh-kill tastes better than the little pellets our housefolk give us!"

Tornado lifted her head, nodding. "You're right. We have to live here. And we need to learn to hunt better; I've never caught anything in my life!"

Both cats laughed as Typhoon and two strange cats padded up to them.

"Good morning, Tornado!" Typhoon meowed. "These are the new cats that Avalanche told you about." He gestured with his tail to the big orange tabby tom. "This is Derecho," and then he gestured to the black she-cat standing next to him. "And this is Cyclone."

"Nice to meet you, Tornado. I heard that you were the one to bring this clan together!" Cyclone meowed, her yellow eyes shining.

Tornado nodded enthusiastically. "Yes! And I'm so glad we finally got more cats! It seems like forever since we've found some!" She gave an excited little bounce.

Avalanche turned to Tornado. "Well, since you're the one making the decisions, what do we do now? Like...what would make us an official clan?"

"I think...the other clans have an official leader." Tornado paused for a moment, thinking. "And...they have these meetings-gatherings I think is what they're called-where all the clans gather together on the night of the full moon truce, to share news." Tornado was proud of herself for remembering what Tigerstar had told her.

Cyclone flicked her tail. "A leader, huh? Well, how do we choose one?" She glanced at all the cats gathered around.

Avalanche looked at Tornado. "I know you would want to be the

leader, but I think you're too young." He touched his tail to her shoulder sympathetically.

Typhoon shuffled his way to the front of the small crowd. "Shouldn't it be the strongest cat?" A few cats murmured agreement, but Tsunami cut them off.

"I think it should be the smartest cat; the one that would make the best decisions for us." Tsunami gazed around at the cats as they began to nod in agreement.

Derecho raised his head. "I think Tornado should choose the leader." He meowed. "Since she is the one who started it all."

Avalanche nodded. "You do you choose, Tornado?"

She scanned the clearing and all the cats with eyes fixed on her. She knew all of them wanted to be leader, but she also knew not all of them would make good ones. "I choose..." All the cats were hanging on to her every word. "Cyclone!"

Cyclone's eyes widened in surprise. "Me? But you barely even know me!"

Tornado giggled. "I barely know any of these cats! But I do know that you are the right leader!"

Cyclone's gaze traveled around to each of the cat's faces, and then she nodded. "Very well; I will be Stormclan's leader."

Chapter 6

Tornado stood up with a yawn. She was in the dark clearing where she always met Tigerstar at night.

"Hello, Tornado." Tigerstar's deep voice came out of nowhere from the shadows. "Ready to start training?"

Tornado shuffled her paws. "Actually, no. I need to learn more about the forest clans. How they live, what they do...I need to know it all!" She watched as he padded closer to her and sat down.

"The clans are all watched over by their warrior ancestors; called Starclan. They sometimes go to share tongues with these cats at a place called the Moonpool." Tigerstar watched Tornado to see how she was taking all this in.

"So...are you from Starclan?" She asked, head tilted.

"No. I'm from the place where cats who are not welcome to Starclan go." He growled.

"Oh...now answer my other question." Tornado meowed. "How do the clan cats live? It must be hard in the winter!"

"Winter? You mean leaf-bare? Well, the clan cats train each other so they all learn how to hunt and fight at a young age. Even in leaf-bare, the clan cats are skilled enough at hunting to keep food in their bellies. But sometimes it's only enough to keep them alive. You have to be prepared to live in these harsh conditions, because there is no turning back now. If you can't make it, it proves that your clan isn't strong enough and it will not survive."

Tornado watched a leaf drift by her paw. "Okay. I get it now. Let's start training!"

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When Tornado woke up, her entire pelt ached with scratches.
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"Hey, Tornado! Get out here!" Cyclone's call sounded from outside the den. "Typhoon caught a huge squirrel for you!"

Tornado jumped up and bounded out of the den. "Good! I'm hungry!"

Typhoon pushed the squirrel to her and she sniffed it cautiously. "Are you sure this is good to eat? It doesn't smell like the food my housefolk gave me." The squirrel smelled of the forest with a musky tinge. When Typhoon nodded, Tornado took a bite from the squirrel. "Yuck!" She swallowed the chunk she had bitten off. "That was gross!"

Typhoon chuckled. "You wouldn't be saying that if it was the middle of winter and your belly was grumbling louder than monsters on the thunderpath." He pulled the rest of the squirrel back to himself and began eating the rest of it. "It's really not that bad." He mumbled through a mouthful of fresh-kill.

"Tornado...can I, uh, talk to you?" Avalanche padded up to her, obviously with a lot on his mind. "It's pretty important." He shuffled his white paws and flicked his tail.

"Yeah, I guess." Tornado followed him to a shady place underneath a tree. "What is it?" She asked when he was silent.

"I need to talk to you about this clan. Are you sure you want to be a part of it? Won't er-Maxwell-miss you?" He avoided her eyes as he spoke. "I just need to know if you will stay, because I'm afraid if you leave later, the other cats might decide to leave too." He finally locked eyes with her, trying to read her thoughts.

"Are you kidding?" Tornado whispered, surprised. "Of course I want to be in this clan! Maxwell will be fine! Is this about the squirrel? I promise I'll learn to like them! I'm just not used to them..." She was rambling now, and Avalanche watched her with soft eyes.

"It's okay, Tornado. There's plenty of other prey here in the forest. I just needed to know that you wouldn't back out." He paused, giving her a chance to say something, but she was quiet. "Well, anyway, Cyclone has suggested that the more experienced cats start teaching

the younger or less experienced cats how to fight and hunt."

Tornado remembered what Tigerstar had told her about mentors and apprentices in the other clans. "Yeah, that sounds like a good idea!" Tornado meowed. "Each cat that has things to teach should teach the ones who don't know anything!"

Avalanche nodded. "Exactly. Also, we sent Derecho to go spy on the other clan cats and he found out that there is something called a deputy? Which is like, the cat who's next in line to be the leader, and also has some authority. And he also found out that there is a cat who knows how to treat battle wounds and sicknesses in Thunderclan." He looked around at the cats in the clearing. "Should we have one of those? I'm not sure how they learned which plants do what, but maybe we could find that out?"

"Yeah. And I think I might know a way to learn these things." Tornado was thinking of Tigerstar, and she was hoping he would know all about these plants and such. "And yeah, there should be a deputy. But Cyclone should choose him or her; because they will be *her* second in command."

When Avalanche nodded, Tornado sent him away to go tell Cyclone the news. "Maybe if I go take a nap, Tigerstar will come to my dreams again." She looked around at the cats bustling around the clearing. "I should probably not sleep in here; it'll be way too loud." She mumbled to herself. She decided to find somewhere outside the camp to sleep peacefully.

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When she was only a short walk from the camp, she heard a voice coming from the trees. "Hello, Tornado." Tigerstar stepped out from the shadows in front of her, making her jump.

"Tigerstar! Am I dreaming?" She looked all around at the trees, which looked nothing like the ones from her dreams.

"No. I have just decided to visit you today, because there seems to be something you want to ask me." He sat down. "So what is it?"
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Tornado sat down, too. "Well, Thunderclan has a cat who treats wounds and sicknesses and stuff with plants, and I was wondering if you could teach me that stuff so I could train some cat in our clan to do that!" Her excitement faded as Tigerstar's expression darkened.

"I forgot you would need a medicine cat." He paused, looking at the tall oaks surrounding them. "I cannot help you with that. You will need to travel to the Moonpool with the cat who wishes to bear the knowledge of herbs. But remember to tell them, that they won't be able to have a mate or kits; at least according to the warrior code. You still don't have to obey that if you don't want to, but that rule might help so that nothing bad happens to that cat." He turned his head as a small shuffling noise sounded from the bushes. "Quick! You better hide. That's a Thunderclan patrol!" Then he vanished.

"Thunderclan patrol? What's that?" Tornado asked just as three cats erupted from the undergrowth. Tornado recognized Bramblestar, but the two other cats she didn't know.

"Ah, Tornado, is it?" Bramblestar meowed. "We'd like to speak with the rest of your...clan."

Tornado narrowed her eyes at them. "Okay, I guess I'll take you to our camp. But don't try anything!" She flexed her claws and started to lead the way. She heard a giggle come from the cream-colored tom.

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"Cyclone!" Tornado yowled as she entered the camp. "Thunderclan cats are here to talk to us!"

Cyclone bounded over to Tornado and the Thunderclan cats. "What do you want?" She asked calmly.

Bramblestar surveyed the camp, eyes narrowed into slits. "My name is Bramblestar, leader of Thunderclan. All we wanted to know if this was a true clan, or just a joke." He glanced around again.

"Looks like a joke to me!" The cream tom grumbled.
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"Berrynose! Be quiet!" A pale-gray she-cat growled.

Cyclone glared at both cats. "Yes. This is a true clan. We are joining Thunderclan in the forest and taking what is rightfully ours." She flicked her tail in defiance, daring the cats to question her.

"Have you...spoken to Starclan about this? Did they send you a sign?" Bramblestar asked, obviously confused.

"Starclan? What is that?" Cyclone took a step forward, curious.

"It is our warrior ancestors. And I believe you should speak with them, or else Thunderclan will not see you as anything but a group of rogues." Bramblestar lashed his tail.

Cyclone was quiet for a few moments, and the only thing that could be heard was the birds in the trees. "I will...speak to these 'ancestors' of yours, cat."

Bramblestar puffed out his chest. "Very well. Do you need someone to lead you to the Moonpool?"

When Tornado saw Cyclone's blank face, she jumped in. "Yes. We need an escort."

Bramblestar nodded at Berrynose and the gray she-cat. "Berrynose, Dovewing, please escort these cats to the Moonpool as soon as possible. It is almost nightfall by now."

Dovewing and Berrynose nodded, looking quite unenthusiastic.

Cyclone looked around. "I'll bring Tornado, Typhoon, Derecho, and myself." She gazed questioningly at Dovewing. "We are ready now, if you are."

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On the way to the Moonpool, all was silent. Tornado's paws were tingling and her tail was twitching with anticipation. She suddenly remembered something important that she needed to tell Cyclone. She fell back into the back of the group where Cyclone was padding along. "Cyclone, I need to tell you something." She whispered.
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"What is it, Tornado?" Despite the long walk, Cyclone didn't seem to be tired.

Tornado leaned in closer. "Thunderclan isn't the only other clan in the forest! There are three more; Windclan, Riverclan, and...er-"

"Shadowclan." Berrynose meowed from the front of the group. "We're not deaf, you know."

Cyclone bounded to the front of the group. "Did all the clans start out like ours?" She asked.

Berrynose rolled his eyes. "How am I supposed to know. The clans have been here forever!" He shook his head.

"Hey, we're here." Dovewing called from up ahead.

Tornado ran to catch up to the Thunderclan she-cat, to see a stone hollow, with a small but beautiful pool right in the bottom. There was a steep cliff on one side with water flowing out into the pool. A stream also led out of the pool going down in the direction of a huge lake. Tornado followed Dovewing on a narrow path, which had pawprints dimpled all over it. When they reached the flat stone next to the pool, Dovewing stopped.

"Okay, this is how it works." She watched all the Stormclan cats until they were off of the path. "You touch your nose on the water, and...er...you will fall asleep and wake up having a dream in Starclan." She glanced at Berrynose. "I never realized how weird that might sound to non-clan cats."

Tornado raced to the edge of the pool. Cyclone crouched down to her right, and Derecho to her left. Typhoon was beside Derecho.

The two Thunderclan cats crouched side by side far as far away as they could get from the Stormclan cats.

"Are you ready?" Derecho meowed to them.

Tornado watched Typhoon and Cyclone nod, and then nodded herself. She then touched her nose to the glowing water, almost immediately drifting off into sleep.

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"Wake up, cat."

Tornado's eyes winked open and she saw big tabby paws in front of her. She sat up, yawning. "Tigerstar? I thought I was supposed to visit Starclan." She looked around, seeing the same dark trees and strange dark river as every night. "This is the place we usually train."

"Well, the thing is..." Tigerstar licked a paw and drew it over his ripped ear. "Starclan probably won't be speaking with you anytime soon. Let's just say, they don't get along well with me. And that's why they don't want to share tongues with you." He watched her closely.

Tornado flicked her ear. "I don't really mind. They seem a bit stuck up. But...will they speak with Cyclone and the others? Because Bramblestar said that Stormclan had to have Starclan's blessing to be a part of the forest..."

"Don't worry. Starclan will talk to them, and they will give your clan part of the forest as your own." Tigerstar narrowed his eyes. "And then we can begin training for the battle with the clans."

Tornado thought for a moment. "If they are giving us a part of the forest, do we really have to fight for the rest? Can't we just keep the part they give us?"

Tigerstar glared at her. "Do you want my help or not?" When she nodded, he continued. "That's what I thought. Then you better stop being so mouse-brained. Remember when Thunderclan attacked you for no reason? Remember how rude they were to you?"

Tornado nodded, her head drooping. "I'm sorry, Tigerstar. I was just being mouse-brained. You're absolutely right."

"I know." He growled. "I'll see you later for training. You better wake up, your clanmates are leaving."

Tornado watched as the dark tabby and the dark trees around him blurred and turned black.
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"Tornado? Wake up!" Typhoon's voice roused her from her sleep.

"Are we leaving?" She asked drowsily.

"Yeah!" Derecho meowed excitedly. "And Starclan gave us permission to live here in the forest! As long as we live by this Warrior Code thing! Isn't that amazing?" His eyes were bright.

"That is great!" But Tornado was filled with annoyance. The Warrior Code? Isn't that what Tigerstar said held *back* cats with great destinies?

"Yeah...but where were you? Both of us and the Thunderclan cats were there when Starclan spoke to Cyclone, but where did you go?" Typhoon asked suspiciously. "Did Starclan not speak with you?"

Tornado didn't know what to say, so she just stood awkwardly until Berrynose broke the silence.

"Come on, cats. I guess we have to break the news to Bramblestar." He added to Dovewing. "Oh, and don't forget to come to the gathering at the full moon so we can tell the other clans." He called to the Stormclan cats.

The journey back to the temporary Stormclan camp was filled with nothing but silence.
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Chapter 7

"*Tornado! It's time for the gathering!*" Dobby shook her with his paw. "Come on, wake up! You've been sleeping *all* day!"

"It's already time?" Tornado stood and stretched. "Okay, I'm coming." They walked out into the center of the clearing and saw Cyclone talking to two cats that smelled of Thunderclan.

"That's Squirrelflight and Lionblaze." Avalanche told her. "Remember? Lionblaze is the tom that attacked you the day we met."

Tornado grimaced. "I remember." She watched the golden tabby tom carefully.

"Alright, Stormclan! Time to go!" Cyclone called.

Since Cyclone had spoken with Starclan, two new arrivals had joined Stormclan. Flood, a very big dark tabby tom, and Blizzard, an all white she-cat with ice blue eyes. Flood didn't talk much, but he seemed to be great at fighting, from all the scars visible on his body. Blizzard was also mysterious. She was young, older than Tornado but younger than Cyclone. She did talk, but not much about her old life.

As the cats filed out of the camp, Dobby stuck to Tornado's side. "Hey, so what do you think about Blizzard and Flood? I think Flood seems kinda scary, but I'm not sure about Blizzard."

"I think they're probably just nervous around all of us. I mean, they hardly know us after all." Tornado meowed. "What do you think about the gathering? Do you think it'll be scary?" She asked.

"Definitely! All those different cats in the same place!" He shuddered. "And they are all those *evil* clan cats!"

"Dobby, you do realize that *we* are clan cats now, right?" Tornado curled her tail in amusement.

Suddenly, Dobby stopped talking and pointed with his tail up ahead. "Look!" He whispered. "She's actually *talking* to some cat! I wonder what they're saying!"

He was pointing to Blizzard, who was walking with Derecho. "Let's get closer and see if we can hear them!" Tornado whispered back. Slowly, they pushed their way through the bigger cats, until they were right behind the two older cats.

"...do you think this clan will last for a long time? I hope it does. It would be a lot better than my life before." Blizzard was saying.

"I hope so too. It's so much better than living with my boring housefolk! And squirrel tastes better than those pellets they give you!" Derecho laughed.

Blizzard laughed. "Oh, it looks like we're almost there! I see cats up ahead." She craned her neck, trying to see better.

Tornado and Dobby exchanged glances and then raced to the front of the group, shoving cats aside as they ran. "Look, Dobby!" Tornado's eyes widened in awe as she saw the huge tree bridge stretching across the silver water to the gathering island. There were cats that smelled strange going across the bridge.

"Who are they?" Typhoon asked Squirrelflight. "They don't smell like Thunderclan."

Squirrelflight flicked her tail, clearly annoyed. "Shadowclan." She growled. "Steer clear of them."

Tornado glanced at Dobby. "Come on, I'll race you across the bridge!" She dashed to the fallen tree, running past the Shadowclan cats, not stopping despite the growls from them. She jumped up on the tree, latching her claws into the bark.

"Better hurry up, Tornado! I'm catching up!" Dobby called from a few tail-lengths behind.

Tornado started running, digging her claws into the bark with each step, her calico tail streaming out behind her. When she saw the end of the tree near, she leapt up high, landing clumsily on the ground of the island. "I beat you, Dobby!" She called. When she didn't get a reply, she turned around. "Dobby?"

The small gray tom was hanging on to the side of the bridge, yowling for help. The lake lapped beneath him, almost touching his tail.

"Save him! Someone save him!" Tornado yowled. "Please, help him!" Her heart was beating so hard it felt as if it were trying to break out of her chest.

All of a sudden, a ginger tom from Shadowclan leapt onto the bridge and grabbed Dobby's scruff, pulling him up.

Dobby sat on the tree with his claws digging into the bark. "T-thank you." He mumbled, shivering.

"We wouldn't want a cat getting hurt at a gathering." The tom growled. Then he crossed the bridge and jumped down next to Tornado.

Tornado watched as Dobby jumped down next to her as well, and then the rest of Shadowclan crossed, followed by the two Thunderclan cats with the Stormclan cats close behind.

"Dobby, be more careful next time." Cyclone told him, no emotion in her voice. "We need them to take us seriously." Then she pushed past them.

"Okay...Cyclone, is it? You go up into the branches of that big tree with the other leaders." Squirrelflight explained. "And your deputy can just follow me."

Cyclone nodded. "Yes, uh, of course."

"You *do* have a deputy, don't you?" Squirrelflight asked, watching her closely.

"Yes." Cyclone looked around frantically. "Typhoon is my...deputy."

She nodded.

Squirrelflight rolled her eyes. "Okay." She flicked her tail in the direction of the big tree. "Typhoon, follow me." She set off in that direction, not even checking if Typhoon was following or not.

Once Lionblaze left too, Cyclone turned to her clan. "We can't show any sign of weakness, okay? We need to show that we are nothing but strong." She looked at Dobby and Tornado. "And that means no foolish games." Then she left, following Bramblestar and the other leaders to the tall tree.

"Let's all sit together." Derecho whispered. "And try not to look scared." He led the way to a place where they could all sit, that was still close to the leaders so they could hear the news. The deputies, including Typhoon, were sitting at the roots of the tree below the leaders. The ginger tom that saved Dobby was also sitting there.

Bramblestar stood on his tree branch, signaling for silence. "As you all know by now, a new clan has entered the forest. Starclan has given their blessing, and these cats will get their own territory." He watched as cats from the original clans gasped, and started whispering. "I know it is a big surprise, but it is Starclan's will." Then Bramblestar changed the subject to boring things about Thunderclan life.

Tornado watched the other leaders closely while they delivered their news, and not one said anything about Stormclan. When they got to Cyclone, Tornado noticed that despite all the suspicious eyes on her, Cyclone's gaze was steady, and she was showing no emotions.

"I understand that all of you aren't very happy about Stormclan joining the forest, but *your* ancestors have given us permission, and they have given me nine lives." Many of the clan cats seemed too surprised to speak. "I'm sorry if this isn't what you want, but we will stay here. Stormclan is meant to be here for centuries to come, and we will be." She swallowed. "We only must ask one thing from your clans." She began. "Starclan has told me that I must choose a medicine cat, and that he or she must be trained by one of the original clans."

All the leaders were silent.

Until a huge white tom sitting below her on the tree sighed. "Shadowclan can train your medicine cat." He growled.

The ginger tom that had saved Dobby gasped. "Blackstar! Are you crazy? This might be a trick!" He watched the cat called Blackstar in astonishment.

Blackstar shook his head. "I've made up my mind, Rowanclaw. If Starclan is accepting these cats, it's only a matter of time before we are forced to accept them too." He coughed.

Cyclone seemed surprised. "Thank you, Blackstar." She dipped her head in respect.

"Have you even chosen a medicine cat yet?" Rowanclaw asked grumpily.

Cyclone's eyes widened but she stayed calm. "Actually, I...I haven't-"

Blizzard stood up. "Yes, she has." All the cats' eyes turned to her. "I will be Stormclan's medicine cat."

Many Stormclan cat's gasped, but Blackstar nodded. "Very well. You will come back to Shadowclan camp with us, so that Littlecloud can train you." He jumped down from the tree with a huff.

As the other leaders jumped down, Cyclone and Typhoon ran to Blizzard's side.

"Blizzard, are you sure about this?" Cyclone asked worriedly. "You don't have to do this. You will lose a lot of your freedoms. You won't be able to have a mate or kits...or fight in our battles." Cyclone finished.

Blizzard dipped her head. "I'm sure, Cyclone. I think...this is my destiny." She waved goodbye with her tail, and then she was lost amongst the Shadowclan cats.

Derecho's head drooped. "I wish she wouldn't have gone. We got along really well."

"Don't worry, she'll be back. You can still be friends." Tornado meowed.

Cyclone raised her tail for silence. "It's about time we leave, cats." She meowed. "Let's go."

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The next day, Dobby woke Tornado up at dawn. "Come on, Tornado! We are going to find where our territory will be!" He meowed excitedly. "Don't you want to help decide?"

"Yeah." Tornado sat up groggily, the stale moss in her nest feeling scratchy and uncomfortable. "Anything to get out of *this* camp." She laughed, and they dashed out into the bright clearing where the rest of the clan was gathered.

Avalanche padded up to them. "Squirrelflight is here again." He rolled his eyes. "She's here to show us where the other clan territories are, so we don't choose them on accident. But she's just as grumpy as ever!" He laughed.

"So is it true?" Tornado asked him. "We get to *choose* our own territory?" She meowed excitedly.

"Yes." Avalanche replied, not looking very optimistic. "If any of the forest is even left for us." He looked over at Squirrelflight. "I hope there is."

"Let's get going, cats!" Cyclone yowled. "Everyone gets to come, because when we find our territory, we're staying there." She explained. Then she let Squirrelflight lead the way towards Windclan territory.

"I'm taking you along the lake, but when we reach the border between Thunderclan and Windclan, we will follow the river up to the moonpool. I think there might be some territory that no cat owns up that way." Squirrelflight snorted. "I'm not sure how much prey is there...but you will have to deal with whatever you get." She flicked her tail.

Tornado was silent during the whole trip, thinking about how her
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dream for a clan was coming true just as she was thinking it. Dobby chattered on next to her about who knows what, but she kept her eyes straight ahead until she caught sight of the moonpool. It looked different during the day.

Squirrelflight cleared her throat. "Well, up there is where Thunderclan and Windclan territory stops." She pointed to a very rocky and barren looking area. "It doesn't look fit for cats, but it's all you've got. I will turn back now; if you have any questions...ask Windclan. Your clan is no longer Thunderclan's problem." She growled.

As she stalked away back the way they came, no cat spoke.

Tornado padded slowly over to the rocky expanse, which only had a few small trees and shrubs here and there. A few strands of grass popped up a few tail-lengths apart, but that was it. "Well..." she meowed. "If this is all we got, we have to make the most of it!" She meowed, trying to be optimistic. "Look!" She gestured all around with her tail. "There's *tons* of hills! There must be a dip in the earth big enough for our camp somewhere!"

Avalanche snorted. "Those aren't *hills*. They're mini *mountains*! They are just big rock outcrops!" He laughed halfheartedly. "We'll never find a camp."

Tornado shuffled her paws on the sharp rocks laying on the ground, thinking. She wondered if her clan really *wasn't* meant to be.

"Hey!" Derecho called out. "Don't give up hope now, everyone! Let's just split up and see if we can find a camp!" He looked around at everyone's defeated faces. "We can't give up, we've got so much more to do!"

Cyclone finally nodded. "Come on, everyone. We have to at least try." She started walking away. "I'll search over this way, and the rest of you; split up and try and find a good camp!"

Tornado's paws itched with anticipation. "Come on, Dobby!" Then they set off, climbing hill after hill, rock after rock, until Tornado was ready to give up. But then, all of a sudden, she spotted moss

growing up ahead. "That's strange." She meowed. "That moss is growing randomly in that spot, not close to any trees or grass or anything."

Dobby craned his neck to get a better look. "Let's go check it out!" He dashed away.

"Wait for me!" Tornado called, chasing after him. But her excitement was cut off by Dobby's yowl.

"Stop running, Tornado! *Stop running*!" He yowled.

But before she could stop, she ran right over the side of a deep hollow. The moss had been growing right up the side. "Dobby!" Tornado wailed as she slipped off the side. Frantically, she tried to grab the moss with her claws, and finally found a pawhold. Breathing heavily, she pulled herself back up next to Dobby.

"That was close!" Dobby breathed. "But hey! Check this place out!"

Tornado leaned over to look into the large hollow. It was shaped sort of like the round bowl her housefolk used to give her milk in, but a little less round, and it was uneven all around the top. There was a pool of water in the middle, being fed by a small waterfall that started about halfway down, seemingly coming right out of the cracks in the rocks. There were several small caves on the sides of the hollow, some with vines covering the entrance. "This...would be the perfect camp!" She meowed excitedly. "The only thing we need is a way down in there!"

"I'll go get everyone else!" Dobby began to race away, but stopped when he realized that everyone had already gathered around.

"We all heard Tornado yowling, and thought something bad had happened." Cyclone explained. "But now I see that it's exactly the opposite!" She curled her tail in amusement. "This is definitely our camp." She meowed.

"Totally! Look, I found a good way down!" Derecho called from the far side of the hollow. He was walking carefully down a set of rocks that jutted out from the side. "It seems to trail all the way to the

bottom!" He walked all the way down and then gave an excited leap.

"Yes! Come on, Dobby! Let's choose where everyone will sleep!" Tornado ran over to the top of the rock path and walked slowly down them until she reached the bottom. She waited for Dobby and then ran off to look at all the caves.

When everyone was down in the hollow, Tsunami suddenly called out. "Look! There's a cave behind the waterfall! It's a few tail-lengths up, but there is a trail leading up there too!" She walked up the trail quickly, followed by Cyclone and Typhoon.

"This definitely should be Cyclone's den!" Typhoon called out.

Meanwhile, Tornado and Dobby were scoping out the cave with vines growing over it. "Let's go in." Tornado pushed her way through the vines and found a pretty small cave, the ceiling a tail-length above their heads.

"Look, Tornado! There's a smaller cave attatched to this one!" Dobby went into the smaller cave. "The only way to get in here is through the cave you're in! There's huge tree roots growing in the way of this entrance." He called.

Tornado thought for a moment. "Maybe this can be the medicine cat's den!" She meowed thoughtfully. "She can store her plants in the cave you're in, and sleep in this one! Because it's definitely not big enough for all our cats to sleep in."

"Great idea, Tornado!" Dobby meowed. "I'll go tell the others; you keep exploring!"

Tornado padded out of the cave, looking around. Spotting Avalanche's tail peeking out of one cave, she bounded over to him. "What's in there?" She asked.

He came out, shaking cobwebs from his whiskers. "This cave has a smaller entrance, but it is really big inside. Not big enough for us all to fit in, but, it's big." He sat down, licking a paw and drawing it over his face, cleaning off the rest of the cobwebs. "Maybe when it's

cleaned, it could be a nursery?"

Tornado nodded. "I guess we'll be needing one of those!" She laughed.

"Hey everyone!" Flood called out. "I think I found a den big enough for all the warriors!"

All the cats followed him to a huge den. The ceiling was pretty low, only a few mouse lengths above their heads, but there was three entrances, all of which were covered in vines.

"I think those vines will keep the cold air out in the winter." He meowed.

"This is great!" Cyclone looked all around. "Well, if we're going to get any sleep tonight, be better start making our nests now. The moss at the top of the hollow should work for that, but be careful carrying it down. And I think I saw some feathers laying around here that we could put in our nests to make them softer." She left the den.

"This is gonna be awesome!" Tornado excitedly squeaked before dashing out of the den to collect some moss.

Chapter 8

A moon had passed since Stormclan had found it's new home. The clan had worked out where everything would be; the leader's den, the medicine den, the nursery, the warriors den, and the apprentices den. Tornado, Dobby, and Avalanche had been moved to the apprentices den since they were only a little bit above six moons.

"All cats old enough to climb the rock path, gather below the high root for a clan meeting." Cyclone hopped onto the high root-which was a large root poking out of the rocks, just big enough for one cat to sit on. When all the cats were gathered, Cyclone raised her tail for silence. "I've received many dreams from Starclan, and they have been telling me how clans really work. They said that the other clans have patrols to remark the scent borders, and they also have hunting patrols. The warrior code says that kits and elders need to eat first, but we don't have either of those yet." She laughed.

Suddenly, a loud yowl was heard from the top of the hollow.

A brown-and-white tom was standing at the top, looking down in at the Stormclan cats. "I...uh, have a delivery." He meowed.

Then a familiar white head peeked down over the edge with his.

"Blizzard!" Tornado yowled happily.

She laughed and then glanced around to the tom. "Thanks, Harespring." She told him. "You can go home now." Then she watched as he left. When he was gone, she looked back down into the hollow. "So, uh, how do I get down there?" She laughed nervously.

After Derecho had gone up to rock path to show Blizzard how to get down, she told the clan what it was like in Shadowclan. "Well, they were actually quite nice to me after a while." She meowed. "At first

they were sort of rude, but Littlecloud-the Shadowclan medicine cat-was always so helpful and nice. Shadowclan was very organized; border and hunting patrols constantly, I was never hungry! They said it was a lot harder in leaf bare, but many of them that I became friends with wished our clan luck." Blizzard stared up at the sky. "And everyone asked me about Starclan, Starclan, and more Starclan! At first I thought that Starclan was just a tale, but now I'm starting to believe."

Derecho nodded. "It's definitely real. A few of us shared tongues with them when Cyclone received her nine lives." He explained.

"Oh! I almost forgot!" Blizzard dashed up the rock path and came back down with a bundle of leaves in her jaws. "Littlecloud let me have some of his medicine cat supplies." She meowed through the bundle.

"Your den is over here!" Tornado led the way to the vine covered entrance. "We already made you a nest, and we lined it with bird feathers so it's extra comfy!" She meowed happily, walking inside to show Blizzard. "And this other den that's connected to yours is the place where you can keep your supplies!"

Blizzard dropped the bundle of supplies in the smaller den, and sat down. "Sorry, it's been a long walk from Shadowclan. Do you mind if I take a nap?" She asked drowsily.

Tornado shook her head. "Go right on ahead!" Then she pushed her way out of the den, padding over to Dobby.

Dobby brightened up. "Did she like the nest we made her?" He asked excitedly.

"She was so tired, she would've slept on the ground and not complained!" Tornado joked. "Come on, let's ask Cyclone if we can go on a 'border patrol'." She raced over to where Typhoon and Cyclone were chatting about whether or not Stormclan should have the warriors mentor the apprentices or not.

"Cyclone! Can me and Dobby go on a border patrol?" She asked.

"Absolutely not!" Cyclone shook her head. "You two are just apprentices!"

Tornado rolled her eyes. "So? What does that matter?" She asked, flicking her tail in annoyance.

"Apprentices aren't supposed to go anywhere without a warrior with them. Which reminds me; you two will be getting mentors to train you." She glanced at Typhoon. "Starclan says we are supposed to have a ceremony, but we don't really have time for that, seeing as all the warriors are helping to clean up the hollow a bit. So, I'll just assign you your mentors, and then you can go on a patrol with them." She scanned the camp, her eyes stopping on Derecho. "Tornado, Derecho will be your mentor, and Dobby...Typhoon will be yours." She decided.

"What about Avalanche?" Tornado pouted. "He's an apprentice too!"

Cyclone shook her head. "No. Avalanche has proven that it is time for him to be an official warrior. I've already told him; he's building his nest in the warriors den right now."

Tornado sighed. "Fine then. I'll go get Derecho." She dragged her feet over to where derecho was getting a drink at the pool in the center of camp. "Hey, Cyclone decided that me and Dobby should have mentors." She mumbled.

"So?" He laughed. "What's your point? It's not like *I* can do anything about it." He snorted.

Tornado rolled her eyes. "I'm not *complaining* to you, mouse-brain! I'm *saying* that she chose *you* to be my mentor." She laughed. "So come on! We are going on a border patrol with Typhoon and Dobby!"

Derecho's eyes widened in surprise. "Really? Okay!" He stood up, stretching. "Let's go then!"

Tornado and Dobby raced up the rock path, Typhoon and Derecho close behind. "I'll beat you to the Thunderclan border!" Tornado yowled back at Dobby.

"No way!" Dobby yowled back, picking up speed.

"These cats are so full of energy!" Typhoon huffed, running to keep up with them. "How do they run so fast?"

Derecho laughed. "You mean like this?" He then raced past Typhoon, Tornado, and Dobby."

"Hey!" Typhoon huffed. "Wait for me!"

Chapter 9

A few moons had passed since the clan had found their camp. However, Stormclan was not getting on well.

"Cyclone, we're hungry!" Tornado whined. "And there's *nothing* to eat!"

Cyclone blinked her tired eyes and glanced all around the camp. Every cat seemed to be tired and hungry, and their bones were showing. "Everyone," Cyclone began, not even bothering to use her strength and jump on the high root. "I understand that you are hungry, but I am too. We need to work together to learn how to catch prey here."

Several cats nodded, but some looked unsure.

"How? None of us have ever hunted in a place like this." Tsunami challenged, her tired tail flicking.

"We will find a way!" Cyclone promised. "Stormclan was meant to survive; Starclan has told us so!"

Typhoon stood up. "I agree with Cyclone. If we were meant to survive, there's no way we can fail. We should set up some hunting patrols and try to learn how the prey around here works." He paused for a moment. "And we need to find out exactly what kind of prey is here too."

"The only prey I've seen is lizards and birds." Derecho stated. "And I have no clue how to catch either one!"

Hurricane nodded. "I've seen snakes too, but how will we catch them without being bitten?" He asked.

Suddenly, Flood stood as well. "I think I know how we can catch this strange prey." He meowed in a strange accent. Tornado realized it was the first time she'd heard him talk since he joined the clan.

Cyclone seemed to brighten up as much as a hungry cat could. "How do you think, Flood? We're all ears."

Flood unsheathed his claws and began to draw a plan in the rocky dirt. "I think that if we set up a hunting patrol of about three cats, we can surround a lizard and attack it from all sides. Speed will be everything." He added, looking around at the cats. "The lizard won't know where to run, causing it to either freeze up or run straight into our claws."

The cats all around him were nodding and agreeing.

"That's a great idea!" Tsunami meowed with relief.

"But what about the birds?" Hurricane meowed.

"And the snakes?" Tornado added.

Flood erased his plan for the lizards and began drawing a new one. "Snakes live in the holes between rocks, right? Well, I think this would work best with only two cats. The cats will need to wait outside a snake hole--they will know it's a snake hole because it will smell like dead mouse--until the snake decides to come out. Usually they come out at night." He drew two cats waiting on either side of a snake hole. "When the snake comes all the way out, the cats attack it. One cat distracts the head, and the other jumps on it from behind; killing it. The cat who distracts the snake will need to be fast." He finished his drawing with a cat distracting a snake and a cat leaping up for the kill.

"Flood, this is wonderful! Maybe these plans will work, and Stormclan won't go hungry!" Cyclone sounded relieved. "We must set up a patrol soon, so we will have food to keep up our strength."

"Wait!" Tornado meowed, and all the cats turned to her. "He still didn't tell us how to catch birds!" She looked at Flood, waiting for a new plan.

Flood shook his head. "Sorry, cat. I have no idea how to catch a bird like those. They're huge. I've told you all I know." He turned away and padded to the water pool to get a drink.

Tornado sighed and sat down again, defeated.

"Hey, two out of three is better than none, Tornado." Derecho sat down next to her. "At least we know how to even begin hunting here. Before, we knew nothing." He pointed out.

"I guess you're right." Tornado brightened up. "I want to catch a lizard right now!"

Cyclone laughed. "Alright, Tornado. We're setting up a hunting patrol now. Do you and Derecho want to come?"

Tornado gave an excited bounce. "Yes!" She squeaked before Derecho could say anything.

When Cyclone, Tornado, and Derecho had searched for a little while, Derecho finally spotted a lizard. "Look how big that thing is!" He meowed in awe. "It could feed all three of us!

Tornado's stomach growled loudly. "It looks okay to eat." She pointed out.

"It could probably outrun all of us, too. We need to surround it like Flood said." Cyclone began signaling with her tail for all three cats to go around the unsuspecting prey.

Tornado and Derecho's fur blended in well with the reddish brown dirt, but Cyclone's black pelt stuck out like a thorn. The lizard caught sight of her and ran right toward Tornado and Derecho's outstretched claws.

Tornado was surprised at how fast the lizard was going, and got distracted.

The lizard ran right to her, Cyclone on it's heels, and an orange paw shot out in front of it suddenly, scooping it up into the air.

The paw was Derecho's, and he quickly killed the lizard after it

landed back on the hard ground.

"Sorry! I don't know why I didn't get that." Tornado's fur fluffed up in embarrassment.

Cyclone laughed. "It's alright Tornado! We caught it anyway!"

All three cats let out a little cheer.

"Look!" Derecho pointed at a dark shape in the air. "It's one of those huge birds!"

Tornado watched as the giant bird swooped through the air, reaching down at the ground with it's huge talons. When it raised back up, Tornado realized that it had caught a mouse.

"Birds eat mice?" Derecho asked in amazement.

But before any cat could answer, a small shape could be seen running along after the bird. The shape leapt up to incredible heights: six tail lengths or more. It landed right on the bird and the bird started to fall back toward the ground. When it landed, it did not move. However, the dark shape that had killed it began dragging it towards a rocky outcrop. Another shape emerged from behind the outcrop, and Tornado could tell that it was a cat.

"Wait, does that mean that the other thing that caught the bird was a cat?" Tornado asked in amazement.

Cyclone was speechless and Derecho just shook his head.

"We have to go talk to them!" Without waiting for an answer, Tornado bounded off to meet the mysterious cats in the distance.

The cat that had caught the bird immediately started bristling up her gray fur and hissing. "Who are you?" The she-cat hissed.

The other cat, a muscular white tom with black splotches, flattened his ears. "Get away from our prey!"

"I'm not here to take your prey!" Tornado said quickly. "I was just admiring your hunting moves!"

The gray she-cat looked confused, and her short half tail moved back and forth. "Admiring?" She growled.

Cyclone and Derecho appeared behind Tornado, looking ready for a fight.

"Who are you?" The black-and-white tom asked challengingly.

"I'm Tornado," Tornado began cheerfully, unaware of any tension. "and this is Cyclone and Derecho." She raised her tail up and watched the two strange cats exchange glances.

"I'm Skittles." The black-and-white tom grumbled cautiously. "This is Monsoon." He gestured to the gray cat with his tail.

"We're very sorry to interrupt this hunt, but you are on Stormclan territory." Cyclone meowed defiantly.

"It's not like you can defend it." Monsoon shot back, looking the three clan cats up and down.

Derecho stepped forward, growling, but Cyclone held her tail in front of him, pushing him back.

"We've heard of Stormclan," Skittles began, in a bored tone, "and we were actually quite scared of the 'brave cats' who moved in. That is, until we found out you were just a bunch of kittypets that can't even hunt!" He chuckled. "We don't have anything to worry about."

Cyclone lashed her tail. "If you won't leave, we'll have to fight you. And we will win." She threatened, her green-yellow eyes showed no emotion, but her rising fur gave away the anger.

"Bring it." Monsoon's claws unsheathed and she growled, looking straight at Tornado.

Derecho jumped forward, tackling Skittles.

Monsoon attacked Tornado, her claws raking across her face. Tornado was stunned for a moment, but quickly regained composure. She lashed out with her claws, managing to snag Monsoon's ear.

"Is that all you've got, *kittypet*?" Monsoon mocked, "A kit could fight better than that!" She pounced on Tornado and started scratching her exposed belly viciously; her long, powerful legs pushing her claws deeper and deeper.

Suddenly, Cyclone grabbed Monsoon by the scruff and yanked her off of Tornado.

Tornado rolled over and struggled to catch her breath, her wounds deep and painful. She caught sight of Derecho fighting Skittles, and it looked like he was losing.

It's because we're so underfed, Tornado realized. She forced herself to her paws and jumped as high as she could, landing right on Skittles' back.

He let out a yowl and flung her off.

Tornado landed hard on her back, the spiky rocks digging into her pelt. Once again, the black took over her vision, and she passed out.